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The Golden-Rod

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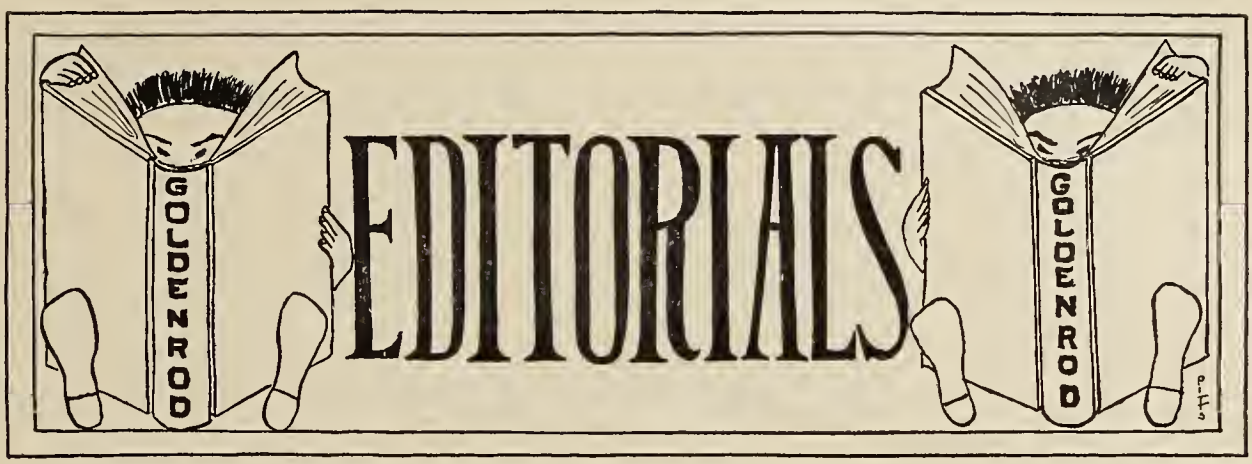

The Golden-Rod
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FEBRUARY, 1923

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Farewell

It is but a short time before we, as the first class to be graduated in mid-year, shall retain our years at Quincy High only in memory, as we set out to follow those who have gone before us. Our goal has been reached after four successful years, if we may so call them, for most of us in study. May that which we have attained assist us and guide us in all Life's tasks in the many years to come.

We take this opportunity to bid our fond farewell to Alma Mater, to our teachers, classmates and undergraduates. We also extend our wishes for luck and happiness to these classmates on their road to success, gratitude to our teachers, and our heartiest words of encouragement to all those who are to follow us in the coming year.

TEACHERS:

To you, our preceptors and preceptresses, we cannot express sufficient thanks nor praise. By no means do we hope by these words to repay you; time alone will reward you as we utilize your precepts.

You have striven to teach us, and have, wherever possible, succeeded; we trust your untiring efforts and work will not have been in vain. You have smoothened our difficulties by instruction, lightened our burdens by counsel, assisted in all school activities, and helped us to attain our objective. All these will never be forgotten. Though our gratitude is not expressed by each one personally, think not that we do not value your work or realize your achievements, but rather let these few words speak for the thoughts of the entire Class of February, 1923.

CLASSMATES:

A new day dawns before us as we step into our places along the Road of Life. Henceforth we strive without the assistance of our beloved teachers, yet let us follow their teachings, their advice. They have done their duty; let us now do ours. May their precepts be ever our guide throughout Life's trials and benefactions, for have they not already met and stood the test of experience?

Wherever we go, into whatever life we enter, let us always seek higher knowledge, greater opportunities. May our cry be "Forward"; may "Perseverance" prevail! Some of us will continue our learning in higher institutions, while others will be forced to take a more difficult path. Whichever it be, let us not halt, but believe that "wherever there is light there is hope."

Finally, let us be faithful to that lofty motto which we chose. Let us bear it through Life, following it as our noble ideal, guiding and cherishing it, upholding and honoring it, and granting to it always first place in mind and deed. Whatever the task, the desire, or the temptation, may we remember ever that

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

"HIGH Y CLUB"

A club of boys who go to high school has been formed under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A. This club has been named the "High Y Club." It is the purpose of the club to build up school spirit in Quincy High, and in order to do this they have appointed cheer leaders who will direct the cheering at the basketball games this year. A number of cards with the cheers printed on them have been distributed among the pupils, and it is expected that they will use them and learn them by heart.

The club has offered a prize for the best school song written by a pupil, as its members believe that this has been one of the great needs of Quincy High. The faculty adviser and director is Mr. Wilson, and under his guidance we feel sure that it will succeed in its purpose.

Martha Tikkanen

The Snow Storm

I stand by the window in darkness
As I gaze at the falling snow
Which with its mantle of whiteness
Fast is covering the world below.

The fir and the pine and the hemlock
In their winter coats of snow
Gently bow their heads in murmuring,
As the fitful breezes blow.

The maple and oak and the elm tree
In their winter robes of white,
Covered with blankets woolly,
Loom spectral against the night.

The roofs and roads and houses,
Buried in ermine deep.
And beasts and birds and forests
Seem locked in a wintry sleep.

The chimneys against the bronzed sky
Like spars against the moon.
Rise phantom-like and ghostly high
As I gaze from my study room.

How slowly, O how slowly,
Doth this pearl white mantle fall;
But how surely, O how surely,
Covereth it all.

So, in the human life-time,
Do our sorrows on us fall;
Like the drifting snow in the night-time,
In its sifting noiseless fall.

So, as the snowflakes in springtime,
Depart with the soft south breeze;
And the budding beauty of a new clime
Lends splendor to the trees;

Thus, life fresher and purer,
Like the measureless beauty of spring,
Replaceth the lower and poorer
By the best that Nature can bring.

Thus slowly, O so slowly,
Doth our joyous mantle fall;
Thus slowly, O so slowly,
Must happiness come to all.

ERNEST G. PAIGE.

Among Ourselves

ADAMS, RAYMOND. "Ray"
Man delights not me; no, nor woman either.

AHLSTROM, GUNHILD "Gussie"
Class Secretary; Glee Club.
Sincerity, a deep, genuine, heartfelt sincerity is a trait of true and noble womanhood.

AKIN, ELEANOR.
Vice President of Class; Secretary of Thalia Club; Literary Editor of Golden Rod; Class Day Committee; Dance Committee 1921 and '22; Senior Dramatics.
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.

BASSETT, EARL. "Indian"
Football, 21, 22, 23; Basketball; Athletic Council; Class Motto; Reception Committee.
A mighty hunter was he.

BEATON, MABEL.
Don't judge a man's knowledge o' race horses by the clothes he wears.

BELDING, WAYNE.
Joke Eidtor of "Golden Rod"; Senior Dramatics;
Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now I know it.

BERMAN, HERBERT ROBERT "Herb"
Football; Basketball; Athletic Editor of "Golden Rod"; Reception Committee.
The world has little to bestow
Where two fond hearts in equal love are joined.

BERINI, NORMA A.
Modesty is the mother of virtue.

BOSHAN, EMILY.
That on my dress I lay great stress,
I can't and shan't deny.

BIGANESS, BEATRICE.
A maiden's heart is a dark forest.

CAVANAGH, MARY L.
He whom God hath gifted with the love of retirement possesses, as it were, an added sense.

COCKERILL, ELLA M.
Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

COHEN, JOSEPH. "Sheik"
Class History Committee; Debating Society.
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books.

CORCORAN, GERTRUDE MARIE. "Gert"
Art Editor of "Golden Rod."
True art is reverent imitation of God.

COUCH, HARRIET DALE. "Sofa"
Thalia Club.
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

CULLIVAN, RUSSELL EDMUND. "Cully," "Russ"
Track; Assistant Manager of Basket Ball, 1922; Debating Society.
It is not what one can get out of work, but what he may put in, that is the test of success.

DEBOER, RICHARD. "Dick"
Football.
An athlete, a powerful man.

DENNISON, RUTH EVELYN.
A true friend to the true.

DRISCOLL, MARY VERONICA.
Alumni Editor of "Golden Rod"; Class Song Committee.
A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

DUANE, WILLIAM JOSEPH. "Zip"
He strove not for fame.

EASTMAN, MILDRED E.
What sweet delight a quiet life affords.

FALLIS, WILLIAM.
The sun is not all spots.

FARRELL, JOHN.
For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die.

FINN, WILLIAM.
I was not born for courts and great affairs,
I pay my debts, behave, and say my prayers.

FLINCK, TYNNE M. "Flunk"
Glee Club; Science Club; Class History.
Ye are sae grave.
Nae doot you're wise.

FOTHERINGHAM, GEORGE. "Froggie"
Class Day Committee; Dance Committee; Senior Dramatics; Property Manager of Dramatics.
Fine worth is.

FORD, DANIEL JOSEPH. "Flivver"
Class Pin Committee; Class Photograph Committee; Class Song Committee; Senior Dramatics.
Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?

FRITZ, GERTRUDE.
And I oft' have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.

GLIDDEN, MARION F. "Lusie"
Class Photograph Committee.
We all love a beautiful girl.

GOLBRANSON, BEATRICE C. "Bea"
Reception Committee.
We can do more good by being good than in any other way.

GOWDY, MURIEL.
Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.

GROSSMAN, SIDNEY W "Tootie," "Sid"
Always talk big and you'll not be forgotten.

HERBERT, JOHN ELIOT. "Herb"
"Work, get ye behind me, I hate you!"

HOLTEEN, ESTHER MARGARET.
Science Club.
"Be virtuous and you'll be happy."

HOYLE, RUTH. "Ruthie"
"Sow good services: sweet remembrances grow from them."

JOHNSON, EDMUND. "Ed"
Class President; Editor-in-Chief of "Golden Rod"; Football, '21, '22; Debating Society; Senior Dramatics; Chairman of Class Day Committee; Dramatics Committee.
A true man—not one of Nature's clods—
With human failings, whether saint or sinner,
Endowed perhaps with genius from the gods,
Always taking his successes with equal demure.

JOHNSON, EVELYN.
Nothing is pleasing which is not also becoming.

KAPSIS, ROSE L. "Roe"
Her life:
Private, inactive, calm, contemplative.

KENDALL, FREDERICK. "Ken," "Fred"
Class Photograph Committee; Class Prophecy.
A handsome man is not quite poor.

KERRIGAN, FLORENCE. "Kerry"
Simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied.

LOFGREN, RUDOLPH.
A thin, tall, upright, serious lad.

LUBARSKY, DORA. "Dot"
Fashion, thou art my middle name.

LUNDY, MARY. "May"
Class Song.
There is a pleasure in poetic pain,
Which only poets know.

MAVINI, GUIDO.
Man was made to grow, not stop.

MUSETTI, ASSUNTA.
Talk not to me for I'll not speak a word.

NEWMAN, IDA G.
Class Day Committee.
We grant although she had much wit,
She was very sly of using it.

OLSON, GUNNAR.
Football; Basketball.
It's a tough, old world.

PACTOVIS, ABRAHAM.
Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

PEMBERTON, MARGARET.
Thy actions to thy words accord.

PETERSON, EVERETT.
We can't all be masters.

PETERSON, LEE.
A manly soul, so reticent,
That is not revealed to all.

REED, JOHN.
Class Treasurer; Manager of Basketball, 1921, '22; News Editor of "Golden Rod"; Dramatics Committee; Class Motto Committee; Class Day Committee.
His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."

RILEY, MARGARET. "Peg"
She looks to neither right nor left.

SAVAGE, EDWARD.
Business Manager, "Golden Rod," 1921, '22.
He toils not, neither does he spin.

SAYLOR, GEORGE. "Nifty"
It is a beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

SCHENKELBERGER, HARLOW. "Shenk"
Football, 1921, '22.
We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought,
That chance will bring us through.

SHEA, MARY LOUISE.
Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.

SILVERMAN, ANNE. "Silvy"
Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.

STEIN, ANNE PAULINE. "Polly"
Talkers are no great doers.

STEWART, EMILY.
Exchange Editor of "Golden Rod," Class Motto.
Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

THOMPSON, GEORGE.
Athletics; Class Day Committee.
Great and good are the actions done by those whose worth is never known.

THURBER, ELSIE.
Class Pin Committee; Class Song Committee; Dramatics Committee; Reception Committee.
She that was fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, yet was never loud.

TIKKANEN, MARTHA.
Class Prophecy; Class Song.
Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

TROUPE, HAROLD. "Troupy"
Each has his characteristic whether it is honor or courage.

VEALE, EDITH. "Edie"
Peace is in holding one's tongue.

WENDELIN, ERIC.
Dramatics.
And oft' his daily hours are spent,
In warm, but boot-less argument.

WHITCHER, WALTER. "Wick"
Send me hence a thousand miles,
For a face that always smiles.

WHITTAM, PARKER. "Duke"
Track; Glee Club; Orchestra; Business Manager of Dramatics; Chairman of Reception Committee.
"When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant."

WOOD, MARIE.
Thalia Club; Class Day.
The one presiding feather of her mind,
Was the pure meekness of a will resigned.

Class History

FEBRUARY 1923

Freshman Year

Four long years ago a small band of scholars romped playfully into the hall of the Quincy High School, and then huddled together and looked up fearfully at the austere presence of our esteemed principal, Mr. Collins.

After having earnestly listened to a talk in which was explained the secret and the labyrinth (it wasn't long before it was regarded as a lair) of rooms and by-paths, we were assigned to our fortifications, where we were to be kept partly safe from the onslaught of the upper classmen.

This marked the glorious entrance of the famous Class of February, 1923, the first February class in the history of the school.

Indeed, we were only partly safe, as was stated previously. As soon as we stepped forth from our strongholds, Rooms 11 and 12, we were assaulted with the torments, "Oh, Freshie! Look at the cute babies!" These and other similar remarks were hurled at us daily. One poor fellow, alas! remembrance fails us, wanted to know where the elevator to Room 42 was, having been informed by a Senior that such a luxury existed in Quincy High School. Well, we outlived our faults, and soon we were full-fledged Freshmen.

Many funny incidents (a few of which will be enumerated) happened in that memorial year. One girl (what's her name?) thought that the Trojan women used their hair for ammunition. Another believed that the Pyramids of Egypt were made from large stones *pasted* together. Ah! Ignorance is bliss!

A short summer vacation cut our Freshman year in half, and when we returned with a coating of healthy tan, we discovered another troop of scholars in our old place. Now, it was our turn to jeer, joke, and laugh at the "little freshies."

We again began to attack the difficult languages, mathematics, and sciences with renewed vigor. But many were the complaints that came from our associates that their task was harder than they could possibly bear. Studying, somehow, did not agree with their constitution. Alas! on account of this defect some of us were horrified at the expected report cards. But with faith our glorious class struggled through her hardships.

Even in our Freshman year, we commenced to show how famous the Fates had portended us to be. Parker Whittam won immediate fame by being acknowledged the class printer. That was our initiative for future honor; for George Saylor was soon heralded as a poet. His poem was so wonderful that it gained immediate attention, and was published in the Golden Rod. Saylor predicted that Abraham Pactovis, our prodigy, would become a fat, old doctor. Doubtless his predictions will come true, for "Pac" is on his way to gain these honors.

Thus, amid honors such as these, and also amid the cold, falling snow and rain, ended our Freshman year.

Sophomore Year

Our behavior during that period was not excellent. As yet, we had not made our class very famous. The only member who seemed out of the ordinary during that course of events was our friend, Albert Rhodes, the one called "Dusty." His queer antics were very amusing. Unfortunately, he left our companionship to wander in more distant realms. Never will we forget him nor the remarks that Miss Douglas made concerning him.

Miss Page, of Room 5, taught us Latin with such vigor that soon we were on the long marches with Cæsar, clashing with the opposing army, and finally continuing our march to Rome, victorious. We struggled with our French daily, ever and anon confusing it with our Latin. Miss Emerson drilled Geometry into our already weary heads, and then wondered why we didn't crave for more.

During this time, Harriet Couch came back to school and joined our already celebrated class, thus adding another to the Honor Roll of Quincy High School.

Junior Year

After enjoying the title, ingloriously, of the "under-dog," at last we were uplifted to an exalted position. (That is, our headquarters were changed to the second floor.) The Freshmen and Sophomores were mere onlookers compared to us.

Our class, which had been going along quietly, suddenly flashed forth, leaving most of us in a state of "delirium tremens." We were now vested with the power to vote, for we had become worthy citizens of the school. In honor of this, we immediately profited by electing very efficient class officers. Edmund Johnson, who also excelled as the stellar center of the football team during that same year, was elected class president. He served us most faithfully. As vice-president, Eleanor Akin was deemed the worthiest to hold that office. Gunhild Ahlstrom became illustrious as secretary of our class. John Reed, that shy, young fellow, who was also a member of the football and track teams, and who, during his Senior year, filled the tackle berth, was made class treasurer. We were very anxious concerning his deeds and acts. Always we were on the lookout to see that he did not squander the money upon a suit or other luxuries for himself. But we had no need to fear, for in our last term he announced that there was only $4.20 in the treasury.

Then, as has been mentioned, we would like to dwell a little longer on athletics. Parker Whittam, our printer, distinguished himself as a sprinter. Others who were on the football team that year were Earl Bassett, that congenial fellow with the broad smile and red cheeks who used to conduct flirtations so easily, and Herbert Berman, Earl's associate. John Reed was made manager of the basketball team.

Time, indeed, wrought change, for during that year Guido Marini decided to blossom forth into manhood by wearing his first long trousers. Bobbed hair styles and other paraphernalia made a decided change in the feminine section of our class. It was, indeed, surprising to notice the difference from the preceding years.

William Finn was also, that period, dubbed as class chemist. Mr. Thomas, one day, had asked him in chemical terms what a base was, and Finn bravely stood up and answered, "A base is an acid." Thus he reversed a decision made by eminent chemists.

It was then that the combination of Finn, Fallis, he of the red and flame, and Fotheringham formed the association of the "Faithful Three."

In honor of our class (it surely was), the two department Golden Rod Staff was formed. Then, again, elections occurred, and the returns showed that as Editor-in-Chief Edmund Johnson was chosen. Eleanor Akin, that vivacious young female, our class vice-president, was made Literary Editor. Emily Stewart, the girl with the delicate voice who in an English theme made sport of the writers of this history, was ordained Exchange Editor. Mary Driscoll, who began to fashion her hair in maidenly style, was chosen Alumni Editor. He who became known as always being seen in company with a certain fair female, became Athletic Editor. If you don't recognize him, "listen and ye shall hear." Mr. Herbert Berman is his name. Again that shy young fellow, John Reed, came to the front, and was chosen News Editor. Wayne Belding, that ambitious young fellow, was elected Joke Editor—a very fitting title for him. Gertrude Corcoran, our budding artist, was, of course, chosen Art Editor. These members of such different natures were the representatives on the Golden Rod staff.

Our term, as shown in the previous lines, was not dull. During the latter part of that year a sleigh party took place. Our destination was Mattapan, and to the delight of all Miss Flagg and Miss Nichols promised to act as chaperones. Our start was gaily conducted, but our joy was soon dampened, for when we had ridden a short distance in perfect luxury on high piled hay for warmth, we heard a creaking, a ripping of boards, feminine screams, and a bang! One side of the pung had accidentally (on account of overweight) broken loose from the rest; and the result was a few bruises for the unfortunate ones seated on the disastrous side, a half-ton of hay on the roadside, and a broken lantern. Many finished the trip on foot, but our return trip was more successful, for we all managed somehow

to find a seat on the wrecked pung. Nevertheless, in spite of the bang-up, everybody had a pleasant time.

Thus ended our busy, but successful, Junior year.

Senior Year

With the stars shining brightly and with splendid signs of a well-deserved augury from the Fates, we began our last and memorable sojourn at our beloved school. We had assumed the dignified and honorary position of Seniors, and with high hopes for success we strove for higher goals.

Almost immediately praise started to pour on us in profusion, for now we had begun to think of school as a place for learning, not a resort for pleasure-loving girls and boys.

Peering down through the annals of history, it is found that there has been an established custom and practice of the students to observe an annual "Freak Day." (Well, it is known that there were and are freaks without any ornaments whatsoever.) But we, the Class of February, 1923, did not observe this day, and had no intention of so doing. In future history it will be remembered that we established a precedent unheard of before. Therefore, we were highly rewarded with praise from Miss Dawes, Miss Damon, and Miss Emerson.

In dramatics, too, we earned fame. Dan Ford was superb as "Charlie." Of course, Eleanor Akin had to be "Ethel." Ed. Johnson was magnificent as "Chief of Police." Then for the crooks! Our class poet, George Saylor, and our Joke—oh, yes, Joke Editor—were chosen. (It's queer how they were so suited—they might have been professional — who knows?) Oh, yes, we must not forget George Fotheringham as "Mr. Hammersmith."

Let us linger a while longer on such er—shy subjects. We all know Herbert Berman, the ladies' man, do we not? It was humorous to note how, no matter what subject in class was argued and debated, Berman always brought up love affairs, so that as a personal matter, it caused him much embarrassment, since his intimacy with certain classmates—especially females—was well known. Ah, me! Cupid had thrust his golden arrow into Berman's young heart. Let us hope time has made amends.

But to come back to other events. We held a very successful dance in the Gym that year. Although the decorations for a Hallowe'en dance were not exactly suitable, it was enjoyed, for the refreshments took their place.

It was at this time we decided to portray ourselves, rather, to have our class picture taken, so that all might see how intelligent and brilliant we looked, and also to have lasting impressions of our worthy selves. Most of us were averse to having the picture taken during school hours, as we would thereby miss a valuable study-period. Several boys had a very difficult task of carrying boards and benches for seating. Then, with everything completed, we were snapped — in other words, the picture was taken. It was such a success that as a result (this may remind one of Latin result clauses), the picture was exhibited in the corridor, in a glass case, naturally.

With reference to the football team, the team that made such a wonderful record during our last year, we find that our noted class had a great share of the honors. Versatile Ed. Johnson was center (whoever tried to get by him were running up against a strong, unbreakable stone wall). Poor Ed. had such a weight of responsibilities shifted upon his shoulders that it was surprising how he took care of them all. Again come John Reed, Herbert Berman, Earl Bassett, Harlow Schenk, light-topped Dick de Boer, and last but not least, the big boy Gunnar Olson. (To interests that were the joy of other classmen, Gunnar was averse.)

In mentioning facts and events that happened, thus making our last days memorable and everlasting in our minds, we cannot eliminate the reception, of course. Naturally, our reception was the best that had been tendered to any class. Then an unusual event happened. Instead of having a banquet, as every class ordinarily had, a Class Day was decided upon. Every one will remember to his death the wonderful and interesting pro-

gram of that night. Also, every one (who went) enjoyed the performance at the Park Theatre in Boston on that memorable afternoon of Class Day. Practically all acknowledged Douglas Fairbanks a wonderful actor (especially the female members of the party).

Then, with graduation, we closed our books and stepped forth into the wide, wide world. All our childhood days were behind us, and in front of us stood wisdom beckoning us further into her realms. With firm, determined step we follow her, resolved that in spite of all opposition we *shall* and *will* live up to the glorious name made at dear old Quincy High.

JOSEPH COHEN,
TYNNE FLINCK.

Who's Who

WHO IN OUR CLASS IS

1. *The most popular boy?*
Without a question it's "Ed" Johnson.

2. *The most popular girl?*
We are fortunate in having two—Eleanor Akin and Elsie Thurber.

3. *The most popular with the ladies?*
Dan Ford, Schenk, and Berman have all smashed many a heart in their day, and are still in the game.

4. *The most popular with himself?*
Lots of competition, so to include all we quote one person, "the whole darn class."

5. *The laziest?*
Gunnar Olson takes the prize, but there were plenty of candidates. One bright person even mentioned Harriett Couch as a possibility.

6. *The best athlete?*
George Thompson, if Q's tell the story. However, one said Earl Bassett; he throws spitballs with great accuracy.

7. *The worst athlete?*
Pactovis. "He can't even throw a snowball in Room 29 without getting caught."

8. *The best natured?*
Eliot Herbert. He's too lazy to get mad.

9. *The most serious-minded?*
Our old and reverent gentleman, Lee Peterson. Harriett Couch can also foster a serious thought or two "once in a while."

10. *The biggest dub?*
What a wealth of material uncovered for this! Some admitted personal distinction. Pick your own.

11. *The merriest?*
Whitcher and Mary Driscoll always carry a cheerful smile. One merry person said "Everybody." We merrily agree.

12. *The grouchiest?*
Berman said, "John Reed, did you ever bother him in a study period?" But we don't blame Johnny. What would you do if somebody disturbed your sleep?

13. *The most lightheaded?*
Who could doubt the result with "Dick" De Boer in the class? Look at his head.

14. *The best sport?*
Johnny Reed heads a long list. He takes a lot of kidding (except in study periods).

15. *The most cheerful liar?*
Dan Ford and John Farrell. "Did you ever hear them make excuses for home work, not prepared?"

16. *The biggest sorehead?*
Plenty of wit used on this question, but the fellow who objected to this question, Edward Savage, wins on general principles.

17. *The most likely to succeed?*
"Ed" Johnson and "Johnny" Reed. Both have a chance for the hall of fame. Lofgren was mentioned as a possibility because "he is so high up in the world already."

18. *The most unlikely to succeed?*
One bright "bird" said, "Joe Cohen; he never studies." All the "C" chasers were mentioned.

19. *The greatest joy-killer?*
Deficiency slips have blasted many a wild hope. "Nuff said."

20. *The worst grind?*

How curiously people's minds run. Schenk won this by a landslide vote.

21. *The class "hot-air expert"?*

Wendelin, without a doubt. Grossman wasn't the last name on the list, however.

22. *The class humorist?*

Belding is our Joke Editor, but George Frotheringham is reported pretty good at telling him where he gets them.

23. *The class Bolshevist?*

Fallis. He's a red, sure.

24. *The class "Beau Brummel"?*

Fred Kendall wins this without disturbing a wave. (See class picture.)

25. *The Champ Activities Man?*

"Ed" Johnson. The sixth period notice would be a thing of the past without "Ed" calling some committee meeting or another. Johnny Reed makes a pretty good side kick, and runs a close second. Eleanor Akin is the most active girl.

26. *The boss politician?*

We wonder what goes on in the "gang" meetings recess time on the days of class meetings? We wonder?

27. *The best corridor hound?*

When don't you see Berman hanging around? Who? Don't ask foolish questions. Parker Whittam, although he hides himself, is not always lost to sight, either.

28. *The class nicotine fiend?*

No one would mistake the thing Farrell has in his mouth for a toothpick.

29. *The greatest movie fiend?*

The Alhambra would go out of business without Berman, Ed Johnson, and the rest.

30. *The greatest dance fiend?*

No doubt Schenk does shake a wicked foot.

31. *The most pious?*

Johnny Reed—until you know him. Parker got him to go to church three times on Sunday, but on investigation we found the reason—eats, of course.

General Information

32. *Who is our Arrow collar representative?*

Earl Bassett is strongly recommended to the collar company out in Troy.

33. *Who is our best example of what a well-dressed man should be?*

Who but our friend Berman. Remember the day he came to school in his white sweater, knickers, etc.? Oh, boy!

34. *What is your wildest ambition?*

What is so wild as thinking of graduating? Some expressed such tame desires as getting married (we wonder who?); marrying the Shiek; inheriting a million; while one bright fellow wanted to be the only man in the world.

35. *What's your favorite indoor sport?*

How human they are, "those family by the fireside minus most of the family and —oh, boy!"

36. *What's your favorite literature?*

The Golden Rod, of course, though the Police Gazette, Movie Magazines and Snappy Stories are quite popular.

37. *What's your favorite hobby?*

"Seven come eleven" seems quite popular.

38. *What's your favorite show?*

What could beat the Senior Dramatics?

39. *What's your favorite school besides Quincy?*

Who could think of leaving Quincy High with such a staff of new teachers? Thayer? Gurr-rr-rr!

40. *Have you a girl? Beau?*

Several said, "No," some said, "No, share one"; all the rest seemed to think there is safety in numbers.

41. *What course at Quincy High do you consider the biggest joke?*

Joke! Who said joke? No one could see anything humorous in any course at Quincy High.

42. *What's your favorite haunt?*

How popular those "cosy" corners are! From the number going into Room 29, we would judge it quite an attraction. We can't imagine why!

43. *What's the worst thing you've done so far?*

We must have a wild crowd in the class as most failed to confess. Harriet Couch, however, dared to admit she got a "G" in Math. *once!* Who would have thought it?

44. *Give your idea of an ideal course?*

What an ambitious crowd; no course.

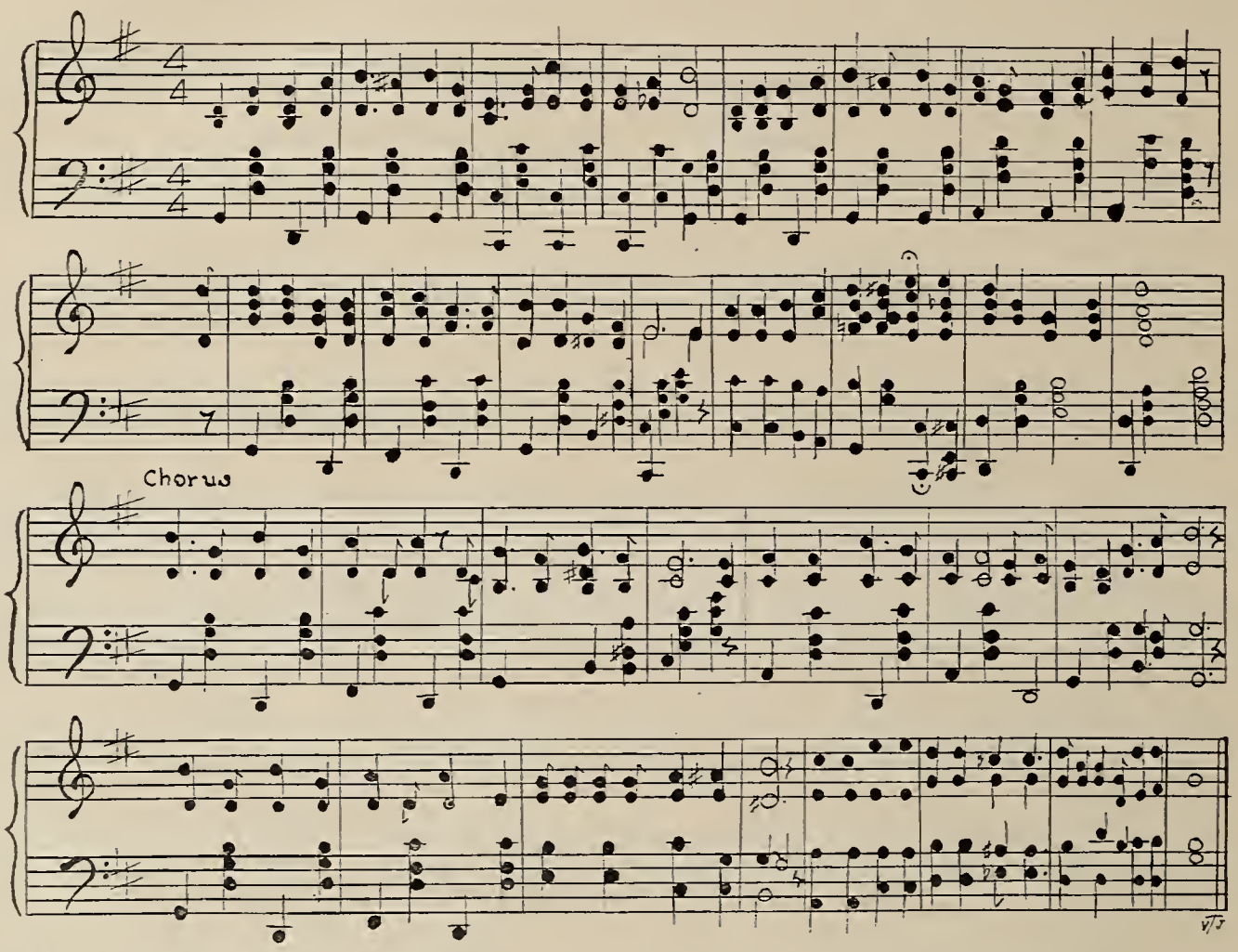
45. *What's the hardest thing you've done so far?*

Berman said, "Bumped my head on the gym floor." We don't quite know whether it was hard on the floor or his head. We have our doubts as to the latter, however.

Class Song

Words by Martha Tikkanen, Mary Lundy

Music by Marie Wood



Now our parting hour draws nearer,
Alma Mater's work is done,
But our future rises clearer
Since the sought-for goal is won.
Our sad farewell we must proclaim,
The School of Life is nigh;
Yet e'er our love will be the same
To thee, dear Quincy High.

As we go to learn Life's lessons,
In the many years to come,
May we ne'er forget your teachings,
May we use the key we've won.
Whate'er the task, we'll strive on still,
At least our best to try;
We'll follow Truth with steadfast will,
And honor Quincy High.

Chorus—

Quincy High, dear Quincy High,
Our friend, our hope, our guide,
Whatever our achievements,
We'll think of thee with pride.
Hosts of those gone long before us,
Legions of the Red and Blue,
Join with us in one grand chorus,
Loyal, loving, thankful, true.

The Ravings of a Crystal Gazer

Class Prophecy

Written by Martha Tikkanen *and*
Frederick Kendall.

Coached by Miss G. Rex Cummings
in Two Scenes

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SCENE I—*Crystal Gazer's Room*

A Seer—Hindu Crystal Gazer Frederick Kendall
His Attendant Earl Bassett
Miss Socrates—A visitor Emily Boshan
Mr. Ed. Johnson—Supervisor of Education Herbert Berman
Miss Sue Pine—Of class of 1923 Martha Tikkanen
Miss Allin Vain—Noted woman sleuth Marion Glidden
Sergeant Shortcut—Her Aide Herbert Berman

SCENE I

(*Scene very dark—somber with incense burners—attendant enters at door F—to open up—uncovers crystal—opens door D for clients—merrily whistling all the while—withdraws into Room E to arrange costume—Seer enters door F and throws off heavy cloak and goes to desk G—opens mail and reads papers—attendant enters from E and they converse.*)

SCENE II—*Same*

Mr. Hart—Chief Janitor Earl Bassett
Sambo—Colored Janitor Frederick Kendall

Scene I.

Attendant—Well, Bo, what are the prospects for today's business? We've certainly done fine so far. Little did I realize three weeks ago that there were so many ignoramuses in this town who would flock here as they have.

Seer—The longer our actions remain obscure to them, the more money we can make. Of course, we'll be detected sooner or later, but, when the crash comes, we will not be here. As for our prospects for today, I have an appointment at ten o'clock with a Miss Socrates.

Attendant—Who is she? Has she been here before?

Seer—No. She called up late last night, after you had left, and seemed very anxious to make an appointment. It is nearly time now for her, so you had better get busy and prepare the scene.

(*Attendant arranges room neatly, while the Seer continues to read and to fumble among papers at desk—Knocking at door—attendant rushes for turban and arranges his costume before answering knock—Attendant ushers in young lady who appears very timid and backward, as if half-afraid and undecided whether this be a proper place for her to come to—Attendant leaves her seated between doors D and C—Then announces her presence to Seer, and withdraws into Room E—Seer continues reading papers for a few moments; then slowly sets them aside—Watches woman through his large glasses—Slowly rises and walks to center and greets her.*)

Seer! Buenos días! d'Como está Ud?

Miss Socrates (*timidly*)—Oh! I don't know—that is—I can't explain it. I just had to come and find out. The world seems to have turned against me; my luck has failed. First, father died, then mother, and now I have lost my job. What, oh! what can be ahead of me? What else must I go through before it is all over?

Seer (*soothingly*)—Very sad, very sad, but calm yourself, and we will see what lies ahead of you. Come, sit here before the crystal, and I will reveal to you your

future. Watch every movement I make, and listen to what I say. (*Arranges crystal to suit himself—places himself before it—murmurs a few words and proceeds.*) Sometime within the calends of this month you will meet a young man, with whom you will immediately fall in love. Your one ambition has been to travel to Japan to study existing conditions. (*A stifled cry of surprisé, which Seer quells with a gesture.*) And he will send you on such a journey. You will go by way of France, Italy, Switzerland, China, and thence to Japan. While in Paris, you will attend a large exposition conducted by a well-known and influential American business man, William Finn. Much of his success is due to the efforts of his charming wife, formerly Miss Beatrice Biganess, whom you will meet and regret to part with. From there you will travel on to Florence, Italy. While you are touring this city, you will be entranced by strains of exquisite music floating from within a large stone mansion. Upon investigating, you will discover a number of individuals studying music, among whom you will make the acquaintance of Mildred Eastman. Your next stop is at Hong Kong, China, where you will endeavor to remedy the situation of the poor. You will find the Overseer of the Poor, William Fallis, a jovial and kind keeper, and willing to assist you in your work. Arriving in Japan, you will find yourself involved in a race war from which you will be extricated by the famous detective, William Duane, of Lantern Yard. Your work accomplished, you will be joined by your fiancé. He will request your company on a trip through the African jungles, where you will have many narrow escapes. Finally, the climax comes when you are about to be attacked by two ferocious lions. You will be rescued by an animal-trainer, who captures both bare-handed. You afterwards learn that his name is Harlow Schenkelberger. From there you will turn homeward by way of Siberia and Alaska. You will pass over a bridge recently constructed between the two countries by Rudolph Lofgren, a civil engineer from Massachusetts, U. S. A. During the trip from Alaska, you will stop for a rest in the Rocky Mountains, where your fiancé becomes interested in the diamond mining industry carried on by Gertrude Fritz. After his presentation to you of a precious stone from his mine, you will return to Boston, visiting *en route* Guido Marini, your New York broker on Wall Street.

Miss Socrates—Oh, how wonderful! What joy! You can forecast the future so marvelously! Let me gaze into this wonderful crystal. . . . Ah, I perceive a large, red book, entitled "Cures for Heartbreak," in gold letters, by Gunnar Olson. Now before me stands the entrance to a spacious hall. I see displayed a large placard stating that Margaret Riley, President of the National Society of Women Voters, who is known the country over for her vigorous speeches, will lecture this evening. A baseball diamond looms before my vision, and spectators are loudly applauding a player who has just attained a home run. George Thompson, the star short-stop of the Giants, is the hero of the occasion. Now I see a stage in New York's Winter Garden, where America's acrobatic marvel, Edith Veale, is thrilling large audiences with her flying trapeze and acrobatic stunts. A newspaper headline flashes before me the political record of Eric Wendelin, Congressman from Squantum, who has been expelled from the ministry because of his violent speeches. A row of straight-backed chairs, filled or partly filled by anxious and worried people, explains the sign on a frosted glass window, "Painless Dentistry." This form of human destruction is being carried on by Wayne Belding, who is starving, while struggling for a living in Quincy. A herd of cattle idly straying over a grassy hill is watched by an interesting cowboy who reads selections from a volume of Kipling's poetry as he circles the herd. The volume is hastily put aside upon the approach of an attractive young lady, attired in a neat riding habit and mounted on a handsome black charger. They ride away together to a large white ranch-house called the Mysterious Post, and from the sign I conclude that they must have been Emily Boshan, owner, and John Farrell, foreman. That is all; a blank appears. But oh! how wonderful! My luck must just be starting. I can go

on now, and wait patiently. How much do I owe you for your services?

SEER—Oh, call it twenty-five dollars, and we'll be satisfied.

(*She pays money—Attendant appears from Room E and escorts her to Door D—She walks out briskly and with a happy smile on her face—Attendant returns from Door D, goes to megaphone, arranges it in detail, then turns slowly and half-hesitatingly to Seer.*)

ATTENDANT—By the way, do you intend to use this when Mr. Johnson calls?

SEER—Yes, I'm afraid we must. Are you sure you know what to do?

ATTENDANT—Certainly, but I must prepare this more carefully. (*Turns at door.*) Come in here, will you, and look over this speech?

(*Attendant withdraws to Room E, and Seer, after fumbling with papers at G, follows—Johnson knocks at Door D—No answer—Door opens, and he comes briskly and boldly forward to center of stage and speaks.*)

JOHNSON—This business is a fake, an imposition upon the honest people of this town. It must not last. I will reveal this business and put these impudent impostors where they belong. For years I have endeavored to answer the great question before the public today, "Why do boys leave school?" Now, to prove my case, I'll watch him when I put this question to him. But what's that I hear? Ah! here come the fakirs.

(*Goes quickly to door, closes it noisily from inside, and starts toward crystal as Seer and Attendant appear from Room E. Seer appears angry to find client entering without knocking, and reprimands him.*)

SEER (*indignantly*)—You should have knocked, sir. You might have interrupted a consultation with a client. Mr. Johnson, I suppose? Are you ready for a séance?

JOHNSON (*boldly*)—Yes, I am certainly ready to expose you as one of the biggest fakirs going!

(*Seer starts at this, but quickly recovers his composure.*)

SEER—But, my dear sir, you are grievously mistaken. I can soon convince you, however, that you have a wrong impression of my art. Seat yourself in this chair, and we will get down to our business. Prepare yourself for some startling news and discoveries, for when our own vision fails us, I can call forth from the voices of the air unheard-of things.

(*Johnson takes seat at side of crystal. Seer opposite uses hypnotic signs and language and creates a dreaminess over Johnson—Then commands him to look into the crystal and tell what he sees revealed there.*)

JOHNSON—What do I see? Marvelous! Marvelous! My own eyes cannot deceive me! Parker Whittam! The picture of content as he deposits his two hundred pounds behind a large roll-top desk, and lights a black cheroot. He is now President of Raymond's Syndicate, and is dictating a letter to his private secretary, Norma Berrini. And there is Ella Cockerill, the first woman Judge of the Supreme Court, conversing with Mary Lundy, a noted lawyer, who attends to a profusion of divorce cases for women, trying and usually succeeding in restoring domestic happiness. And there is Harriet Couch, who is President of Wellesley. Who would have thought it? There is Emily Stewart, the first woman air pilot who refrains from skidding in the clouds. And I see Annie Silverman, who is an eye and ear specialist in Chicago. Raymond Adams is editor-in-chief of a magazine which satirizes Modern Methods of Teaching in the Public Schools. And Gertrude Corcoran is Adams' art editor. But their forms are fading and vanish from my sight. After all, it is nothing but trickery, and you, sir, are an outrageous impostor!

SEER—Wait, I beg of you. You are so skeptical that I will call upon that power which I spoke of before, and if you will listen you will see that our honest business is no fake.

ATTENDANT (*in weird voice from M*)—Attend! There is yet more, O man of doubts. Your classmate, Pauline Stein, a grand opera singer, now delights large audiences, and her accompanist, Edward Savage, has an unrivaled reputation. Herbert Berman has written a world-famous dictionary eliminating all unnecessary spelling for high school students. Earl Bassett is now an athletic coach at the University of Honolulu. Mary Cavanaugh is one of the most

learned teachers at the Emerson School of Oratory. Russell Cullivan is an inventor of a machine which washes, starches, irons, and mends clothes all at the same time. Eleanor Akin is a famous leading lady in Shakesperian plays now being produced in London. George Saylor is now holding a long-dreamed-of position, that of life-guard in the Swiss Alps. Sydney Grossman is a professor at the Electoral College discounting Darwin's theory of Evolution.

JOHNSON—Wonderful! Wonderful!

SEER—Are you now convinced of the authenticity of our business?

JOHNSON (*slowly*)—Yes, I've changed my mind; but let me ask a favor of you.

SEER—Gladly, sir. What is it?

JOHNSON—Well, sir, as Supervisor of Education in Massachusetts, a serious question is continually confronting me. After deep consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it is a subject too large for one man to handle. What I wish to ask you is: can you, by any virtue of sorcery or otherwise, tell me WHY BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL?

SEER—To call from the voices of the air an answer is but a simple task for me. If you will be patient, you will hear your question answered.

ATTENDANT (*through megaphone*)—The reason WHY BOYS LEAVE SCHOOL is—(*A dead silence, but Johnson seems to be both amazed and satisfied with the answer.*)

JOHNSON—Why, I do believe you are right—entirely plausible. Ah, but I am glad to have come here. I shall work on that problem now more hopefully. Well, good-day!

(*Pays money and departs. Seer calls Attendant, and they go to desk G together and look over a number of papers. Attendant speaks.*)

ATTENDANT—Who is our next esteemed caller?

SEER—Miss Sue Pine is to come here at 1.30. She is very anxious to discover what some of her former classmates are doing. At least, that is what she says in her letter. But it must be 1.30 now.

(*Knock is heard at door, and Attendant ushers in young lady who appears very anxious.*)

MISS SUE PINE—Oh, sir, did you receive my letter all right? I was so afraid that other eyes might read it.

SEER—Calm yourself, my dear lady. Whatever you reveal to us is in absolute secrecy. Now I will endeavor to explain just what your friends are doing and where they are. Sit here, please. First, you will be interested to know that by concentrating your gaze on this crystal you will soon see many forms taking definite shape there. What can you see?

MISS SUE PINE—I see nothing but cloudy mists constantly changing. There. Now I see, as surely as I sit here, Harold Troupe teaching a class of children in the art of folk dancing by the Troupe method. And if that isn't Muriel Goudey breaking all records as a champion swimmer! And Ruth Hoyle, now commenting on the reasons for the ever-changing styles in the United States. Also, Eliot Herbert, with his newly invented machine, the Speedy Jane, which runs on two wheels and can attain the speed of 150 miles per hour. Richard DeBoer is a chemist, and has invented a new kind of chewing-gum which will not stick to your shoes when dropped on the dance floor. George Fotheringham, after attending B. U., is obtaining a large salary as a C. P. A., working for DeBoer's Chewing-Gum Co. Walter Whitcher is a model English History teacher. Elsie Thurber is raising cultured guinea pigs. And Florence Kerrigan is running a noted resort for women athletes known as the Atlantic Hill Health Farm. Oh, they are fading from my sight! What shall I do? Can't you tell me about the others?

SEER—Yes, I can. You will be interested to know that three of your former classmates, Evelyn Johnson, Mabel Beaton, and Margaret Pemberton, are now society belles. Gunhild Ahlstrom is a relief missionary to Turkey. Marion Glidden is now the Princess Machiavelli of Rome, having consummated the most brilliant matrimonial alliance of centuries. Beatrice Golbranson is President of the Society for the Prevention of Memory Work for Students. Ruth Dennison is proprietress of the "Little Wisteria" in Wollaston, and is becoming wealthy. That is all I can see now.

MISS SUE PINE—Well, sir, I feel relieved to know that much. Good-bye.

and thank you for your kind services.

(*She pays him a fee and departs. Seer and Attendant withdraw into Room E. A few minutes elapse. Door opens softly, and in comes a young woman stylishly dressed—attractive and beautiful. She looks carefully around. When she discovers no one there, she smiles, goes quickly to the crystal and examines it, thence to megaphone. While doing this, she suddenly stiffens and draws near curtains at Room E. (Voices from within, scarcely audible: "Biggest catch in years.") Listens with astonished expression, and then runs over to telephone. Takes up receiver, but stops, goes to Door D and looks to see if anyone is coming. Evidently not—Returns to desk G.*)

Miss All-in-Vain—Thank goodness, no one is coming! (*Picks up phone.*) Hello! Salt Herring 2893, please. What's that? Yes. Horrors! don't tell me the line is busy. Oh! hello, is this you, Sergeant Short-Cut? Well, this is All-in-Vain. I've got the biggest catch in years. Just heard them say so themselves. Come up to 687 Blueberry Avenue as soon as possible. Yes, you had better bring your guns. They are pretty desperate. Enter when you hear me give the signal, three whistles. Yes, yes, but I must get off before they detect me. Good-bye. (*Sets phone down—Hears Seer and Attendant coming, and hurriedly arranges herself in chair and proceeds to use her vanity case. Seer and Attendant enter, conversing in low tones. They advance almost to crystal before they discover her. Draw back in astonishment. She hastily arises and addresses them.*)

Miss All-in-Vain (*pleadingly*)—Pardon me, sir, if I have intruded. But finding no one here, I just naturally seated myself to wait for your return. I'm sorry if I did wrong.

Seer—We wish you would knock before you enter. But let us take up the matter before us. If you listen, I will tell you what of the future the crystal globe reveals. I see you in love with Dan Ford, a noted undertaker with a flourishing business. He is suspected of being in league with Doctor Dora Lubarsky. Through him you will become acquainted with Esther Holteen, a minister. His friend, Mary Shea, will tour the world for the purpose of studying foreign languages. You will be a member of the Society of Conciliation with High School Students, of which Ida Newman is president. Your fiancé's brother will study mathematics at Q. H. S. under Mary Driscoll. You will hear Lee Peterson lecturing on the divorce question. You will be charmed by the beautiful music played for you by Marie Wood, Director of the Wood Conservatory of Music. Now, tell me what you can see in this wondrous crystal.

Miss All-in-Vain—I can see Abraham Pactovis, the great comedian of New York's Winter Garden, playing under the stage-name of the Pasha Ula Kid. Everett Peterson is President of the Dry Wet Wash Laundries. John Reed has been appointed Poet Laureate of England because of his collection of sonnets dedicated to Miss Dawes. Joseph Cohen is Professor of Psychology at Harvard, and Tyvne Flinck is now a popular playwright. Assunta Musetti is a thriving milliner in South Quincy; while Rose Kapsis has discovered a method of raising sweet lemons and squirtless grapefruit. Martha Tikkanen is now a teacher of Spanish in New York City. Frederick Kendall is at present giving instruction in the touch system of typewriting by wireless.

Seer—Now, your future is put before you. I guess we will close for the day.

Miss All-in-Vain—Yes, and for the rest of the days, too. (*Takes whistle from bag and blows three times.*) Your fine business in this town is at an end. We have given you every chance to succeed and to be honest. You have failed, and have tried to thrust upon us some cheap talk, which will not pass. Now you shall get what you deserve.

(*Door is banged open and policeman appears.*)

Sergeant—All right, All-in-Vain. Are these the fellows?

(*Seer and Attendant make a hurried dash for doors. Policeman grabs two revolvers from his pocket and cries out.*)

Sergeant—Hands up!

(*Seer and Attendant turn reluctantly and come back to center. They stand there shifting from one foot to the other.*)

Sergeant (*Passes guns to All-in-Vain*)

—Keep them covered while I search them. At last we have exposed a big scandal and our fortune is made. (*Searches them and then snaps handcuffs on them. The lights all go on, and the Sergeant exposes the bareness of the room, the fake crystal, and the voice machine. When he goes to Seer and Attendant to escort them out, he accidentally knocks their turbans off and reveals the real men to the audience.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

(*Curtains go back, revealing upset rooms of crystal gazers. Papers are thrown around and chair is overturned, etc.—Mr. Hart appears upon scene, talking to himself.*)

MR. HART—Them police fellows sure did mess this place up looking for money. And I suppose I must get it cleared out, as there will, no doubt, be someone here to rent it tomorrow. Guess I'll call Sambo, because he don't work good unless I watch him, and I'll be right here to watch him.

(*Goes for Janitor and comes back with Sambo, a colored fellow. Mr. Hart seats himself in chair at G, and falls asleep. Sambo works industriously until he discovers his boss is asleep. Sits down on stool and talks to himself.*)

SAMBO—Law'd de goodness, ah jest can't get it into me haid why dese bo's got pinched. Why, one day as Ah was cleanin' up de corridors, Ah comes by dat door (*motions to Door D*) and de woefullest sounds was comin' from de transom 'bove de door. Course, dis yeah niggah done stop and listen, and my word! if dat dere magician man wasn't callin' de voices right from de air. And any man who can do dat Ah calls 'em smart—smarter than de ordinary white trash. And den de policeman arrests them. That's what Ah call—

(*Mr. Hart stirs in chair. Sambo jumps to work, gets near to Mr. Hart's chair. Accidentally hits chair leg with broom, and knocks Mr. Hart down. Mr. Hart arises and looks angrily at Sambo.*)

MR. HART—What do you mean by disturbing my sleep like that? Why can't you look at what you are doing?

SAMBO—Dat's all right, boss. Ah was only tryin' to get dat black book which is under your chair without disturbing you.

MR. HART—What book? What's in it? Let me see it.

(*Sambo picks it up, gives it to him. Mr. Hart opens book, with Sambo looking over shoulder. First few pages are covered with figures and appointments.*)

MR. HART—Well, if it isn't a book belonging to one of those magicians! But let's see what's in it. There may be some clue here as to who they are. Why, yes, here it is. (*Reads*): "This is the property of Bo Hansom of Q. H. S., 1924." Why, I believe this is a diary! Seems quite interesting. Let's sit down here and read it.

SAMBO—Sure! Say, what's dat there on dat page you just turned? Seems to me I see dat Troupe boy's name dere.

MR. HART (*turning back*)—Well, if it isn't an original "Who's Who in 1923." I guess that ought to be very interesting. Why, I remember that class well. One of the smallest and smartest classes that ever graduated from that school. It is many a day since I've seen a good "Who's Who!"

SAMBO—Say, boss, what am dis yeah animal dat you jus' call a "Who's Who?"

MR. HART—Sambo, I'm surprised at your ignorance. A "Who's Who" is not an animal. It is a list of all the popular people in the class, or whatever you're writing about.

SAMBO—Oh! I see now. Well, what is they?

MR. HART—Well, I can't read it very well, as I have left my glasses at the office. It's poor writing, and also very small. Look here, Sambo, do you think you could read this to me? If you can, it will save me from walking downstairs.

SAMBO—Why, course Ah can, boss. Ah'm an eddicated niggah, and Ah can do anything you'se ast me to. (*Takes book and begins to read.*)

SAMBO—"It says dat de class—ah—um—bruty—class bruty, is—ah—Marion Glidden. What do ye know 'bout dat?"

MR. HART—You mean, class beauty. Well, yes, she certainly was a stunner. Why, I can remember how all the fellows flocked around her. Yes, that certainly is right. Go on, what's next?

SAMBO—Next it says that the wittiest

in this yere class is Dan Ford—

Mr. Hart (*musingly*)—Dan Ford—um—um. Well do I remember him. Proceed, Sambo.

Sambo—The funniest in dis yeah class is Harold Troupe. The sweetest, um—yum—oh, 'pshaw! it only says, "Hard to tell." The quietest done be Mary Cavanaugh. Martha Tikkanen is called the smartest, and to Wayne Belding is awarded the title neatest. Den comes—

Mr. Hart (*Interrupting him*)—Here, Sambo, let me see it now. You get to work sweeping 'fore it gets dark.

(*Sambo hands book over to Mr. Hart rather slowly and unwillingly. Mr. Hart reads to himself for a few minutes, taking no notice whatsoever of Sambo, who stands nearby leaning on his broom.*)

Sambo—Thay, boss, Ah thinks you need dose spectacles. Ah can't hear a word you'se thay. Ah, too, likes to hear de rest of dat "Who's Shoe."

Mr. Hart—You, niggah, get to work. Then I'll read it to you.

(*Sambo grasps broom and sweeps diligently while Mr. Hart reads.*)

Mr. Hart (*Reading*)—The most athletic in this class is Earl Bassett, and the most all-around Edmund Johnson.

Sambo—I know dose are right. Why, dat Bassett boy is one of the best athletes I knows, and wasn't dat Johnson the class president?

(*Mr. Hart pays no attention to Sambo's remarks.*)

Mr. Hart—John Reed is the most modest in the class; Harlow Schenkelberger the cleverest, and Sydney Grossman the most talkative. (*Musingly*) Grossman, eh—(*laughs, then reads again.*)—To Parker Whittam is awarded the honor of being the most musical.

Sambo—Dat's right, boss. His music calms de souls of worry and pain. I've heard 'em, so I knows.

Mr. Hart—No interruptions from you, niggah. You just let me finish reading this—(*reads*)—Harriet Couch is the most studious, Emily Stewart the most gracious, and—why, upon my word, if there isn't that Eastman girl's name, too! Most practical, it says. Well, I guess that's true, all right. The class baby—why, how cute!—is Joseph Cohen, while the most artistic is said to be Gertrude Corcoran.

Sambo—I vunder if she'd—

Mr. Hart (*continuing*)—The most frequented room in Quincy High this year was Room 29 after 1 p. m. (*Aside*) Well, I guess it always was and always will be. There must be some attraction there.

Sambo—I know, boss; it's de teacher.

Mr. Hart (*angrily*) —Not another word from you 'til I'm through. (*Reading*)—Frederick Kendall is our optimist; Abraham Pactovis is the pessimist.

Sambo—Be dey beasts, birds, or animals, boss?

Mr. Hart (*still reading*)—To Herbert Berman is awarded the title "sport" as a result of his actions both as a traffic cop and otherwise.

Sambo—In de streets?

Mr. Hart (*impatiently*)—No, of course not! Why, there was a traffic squad in Quincy High that did better service than any street delegation. (*Reading*)—The favorite assembly speaker is Mr. Fred C. Ball. (*Aside*) Right. His presence was always well appreciated and applauded. (*Reads, then turns to Sambo.*) Listen to this, Sambo. The favorite dessert of the honorable class of February, 1923, is Floating Island Banana Pudding with Peach Ice Cream. (*Sambo and Mr. Hart laugh heartily.*)

Sambo—Well, Ah do declare! Ah never made that kin' of puddin' ever, but Ah sure tries it some day.

Mr. Hart (*suddenly*)—But, Sambo, we must get to work. Here we've sat wasting our precious time all this while. Come.

Sambo—But de book, de book, boss!

Mr. Hart—Oh, yes! But let's leave it here with the other possessions of those magicians. We won't be thieves.

(*Throws book through door E, and then Sambo and Mr. Hart withdraw through door D.*)

School News

FOOTBALL RECEPTION

The annual football reception was given Friday, December 8, by the junior and senior classes. An entertainment was given at 7.30 by George Land, Gordon Spear, and Mr. Upham of the faculty. Their music was extremely well offered, and was enjoyed by all who were present. After the entertainment, dancing was enjoyed in the gym until 9.30, when there was an intermission. Mr. Collins, before presenting the football Q's, reviewed the football season, laying special emphasis on the sportsmanship and excellent physical condition of the boys, and gave much praise to Mr. Mitchell for his careful and sportsmanlike coaching of the team. The Q's were then presented and, after refreshments, dancing continued to 11 p.m. Excellent music was provided by Fred Smyth's orchestra.

LEAGUE OF SCHOOL PAPERS

Ten delegates from the school attended a banquet at Abington, Wednesday, December 13. The purpose of the gathering was to organize a league of school papers. After an excellent dinner, several speakers were introduced, including Prof. Dallas Lore Sharpe. A proposed constitution was distributed, and it was voted to have another meeting the third week in January in order to elect officers and to complete the organization. The League will be known as the Southern Massachusetts League of School Publications.

The members are: Abington, Quincy, Weymouth, Braintree, Rockland, Hingham, Plymouth, Hanover, Stoughton, Bridgewater, and Avon.

NEW GOLDEN ROD STAFF

The new editorial staff which will take charge of the Golden Rod after this issue has been elected. The editors are:

Editor-in-chief	Walter Blake
Literary	Helen Campbell
News	Hilman Alquist
Alumni	Edna Abbiatti
Athletics	Rachael Sampson
Joke	Oliver Merrill
Exchange	Harriet Palmer
Art	Alice Goodhue
Business	Lawrence Whittemore

We know that the above staff is very capable, and we turn the magazine over to them confident that the quality of the magazine will not suffer. Good luck for the next two numbers!

SENIOR DRAMATICS

The Senior play, "The Day After," will be given Friday, January 19, and Saturday, January 20, at 8 p.m. The first night is "School Night" and the second "Alumni Night." It is hoped that large numbers of alumni and friends will come the second night and make the play a success.

"The Day After" is a screaming comedy full of ludicrous situations and funny lines. The coach, Mr. Mitchell, makes the most of these places, and the character of last year's show removes any doubt as to his ability as a coach. The play is a comedy in the truest sense of the word, and the ability of those who take part cannot be doubted. Just look at them:

Charlie	Dan Ford
Curley Benton	Robert Cunningham
Edith	Ruth Smith
Ethel	Eleanor Akin
Mrs. Morse	Helen Campbell
Mr. Morse	Walter Blake
Hammersmith	George Frotheringham
Imogene	Edna Abbiatti
Wilson	Frank Nason
Nifty	George Saylor
Berkham	Wayne Belding
Chief of Police	Edmund Johnson
Smith	
Garrick	

The difficulties of "Charlie" and "Curley" would alone be sufficient for an evening's entertainment without the innocent ways by which their fiancees, Edith and Ethel, increase the magnitude of these embarrassing situations. The dry humor of Wilson, the butler; the sprightliness of Imogene; the complications ensuing from the efforts of the crooks, Nifty and ; and the failure, almost on the point of success, of the Chief will keep you in continual laughter. The unusual ending gives an element of surprise which will leave a pleasant taste in your mouth as you go on your way after the play is over. Be sure and see it!

FOOTBALL NIGHT

Monday, December 18, the management of the Quincy Theatre very generously invited the football squads of Quincy, Thayer, Braintree, and Weymouth to be present at the evening performance in celebration of "Football Night." Forty-four boys from Quincy sat in a body and, for half an hour before the performance started, they sang and cheered. Everybody and everything was cheered, from the policeman to the orchestra, and the football songs, "A-Boo-la-Boo-la" and "We're Coming," were greatly enjoyed by the rest of the audience, as was testified by the applause that the boys received.

The performers did their best that evening, and responded to so many encores that the performance lasted until after eleven o'clock. Brent Hayes, banjoist, and Kelly and Hollis, comedians, especially caught the fellows' fancy, and were cheered to the echo. After cheers had been given for Mr. DeWolfe and Mr. Murphy, the boys adjourned for the evening after a fine evening's entertainment.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

On Friday, December 22, 1922, the pupils passed to the assembly hall, where a program was rendered by a number of pupils under the auspices of the Modern Language Department. The orchestra opened the entertainment with a selection, after which the school added their bit by singing Christmas carols. Following this, Miss Esther Jensen sang a solo, entitled "Why the Chimes Rang," which was enjoyed by the whole school, showing well the work of Miss Zelbi.

Mr. Collins concluded the program by addressing the school and wishing all "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year." That the pupils enjoyed and appreciated the entertainment was shown by the applause which followed each number and the number of favorable comments heard since.

The cast of the pageant consisted of the following:

Holger	Bertram Barrows
Steen	Henry Cutler
Uncle Bertel	Erik Wendelin
Old Woman	Helen Campbell
Priest	Walter Blake
Rich Man	Ernest Neal
Rich Woman	Florence Black
Scholar	Frank Nason
Young Girl	Elizabeth Brown
King	John Reed
Angel	Eleanor Akin

CLASS DAY

Hearty laughter, blushing cheeks, confusion, and embarrassment were all present when Pres. Ed. Johnson presented novelties with appropriate remarks to some of the more notorious members of the February, 1923, Class at their Class Day meeting, January 13, at the High School Hall at 8 p. m. These unfortunate persons were forced to receive before the rest of the audience small novelties which symbolized their most prominent characteristics. Of course, safety razors, corncob pipes, shoe polish, dolls, etc., have no place at a high school, but they were present that night.

A feature which was most interesting was the presentation in play form of the class prophecy. Great credit is due to the authors for their hard work, and also to those who appeared in the play. The prophecy was humorous and most interesting. The class history, also written in a semi-humorous vein, was very complete in every detail.

The glee clubs and orchestra played and sang several pieces with their usual excellence, and Mr. Collins spoke briefly. This was the first meeting of the kind ever held in High School, and because of its success it is expected that it will become the custom.

"LOOKS AT BOOKS"

"John Burroughs' Talks" Johnson

"The real John Burroughs lives in the record of conversations gathered during a friendship of twenty-five years."

"Wild Folk" Scoville

"If anyone is curious to know who the Seven Sleepers are, let him read 'Wild Folk.' One of them, we'll let you know, is the skunk, whose motto, according to Mr. Scoville, is, 'Don't hurry; others will.'"

"Maria Chapdelaine" Hemon

"A quiet book, yet holding the attention by the beauty of its description, telling with simplicity the story of Maria and the life of the Canadian pioneer. Briefly,

Maria's lover is lost in a snow-storm, and she comes to hate the wild dreariness of the encroaching forests and unceasing toil of the pioneer woman's life, but later an opportunity opens the way for her escape."

"Football and How to Watch It" Haughton

"Numerous photographs of recent games and a descriptive text explain typical formations and plays.

"Outline of Science" Thomson

"This book presents all the sciences from the modern point of view in familiar language." Take a look at some of the eight hundred illustrations.

"The Notion-Counter" Newton

"A Farrago of Foibles, being Notes About Nothing by Nobody; Illustrated by Somebody; Dedicated to Everybody."

"Those who are in search of something to read aloud, something funny, something that hits off the odd circumstances of daily life, will find 'The Notion-Counter' what they want."

"Home Radio" Verrill

"Radio for Everybody" Lescarboura

These books are in the School Library. Ask for them.

LIBRARY NOTES

At a library hour held in December, pupils brought in their favorite poems. The period was too short to give everyone an opportunity to read. Several enjoyed it so much that another program of the same kind will be planned. Watch for announcements.

An experiment was tried this last month. Not always does everyone have a chance to browse in the book shops before Christmas. For several days the library held an exhibit of books which might offer suggestions for gifts. Fifty-five books were purchased by students and teachers. At the same time the new books bought for our own library were on the tables.

THALIA CLUB

The Senior girls of the Thalia Club were the waitresses at the football banquet. Those who served were: Eleanor Akin, Helen Campbell, Esther Haskins, Mildred Julius, Ether Darr, Edna Affiatti, Mildred Maloney, Harriet Couch, Harriet Palmer, Helen Bigelow, Alice Goodhue, Marie Wood, Eleanor Dipanfilo, Elizabeth Bean, and Elizabeth Brown.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

Amid thunderous cheers, peppy speeches, pretty waitresses, and oh, what food! the football squad was tendered a banquet by the citizens of Quincy at the First Parish parish house, Thursday, December 14. The evening opened with an excellent supper served by the Thalia Club Seniors (who showed previous experience by their ability to keep our plates filled up), and cooked by Miss Leamy. After all had had their full, and some whom we won't name had more than their full, the boys cheered and sang while the tables were cleared away. The speaking then commenced, and it is sufficient to say that the team was lauded and praised, not so much for its victories as for its sportsmanlike conduct, which was perhaps worth more than all the victories.

Karl Pfaffman, Percy Jenkins, and Henry Faxon, all Harvardites and Quincy boys, spoke briefly, and were cheered by the boys, who were led by Dr. Ralph Stoddard, who has been a most enthusiastic rooter all year. Other speakers were Captain Ted Guinan, Captain-elect Herb Sistman, Mr. Collins, Mr. Webb, Mayor Bradford, Mr. E. V. Neal, Mr. George Pfaffman, Supt. of Schools Nickerson, Dr. Stoddard, and Mr. Mitchell. The reception accorded Mr. Mitchell was most demonstrative and noisy. The boys showed that they appreciated his wise, helpful, sportsmanlike and, very often, patient guidance throughout the entire season. Mr. Mitchell surely has been a fine coach and a better "fellow."

Silver footballs were then presented to the letter men, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Webb, and Mr. Nisson by Chairman Tom Burgin, who did a wonderful job at that position. His quiet humor kept things moving at a rapid pace all evening. The footballs are greatly appreciated by the boys, and doubtless will be invaluable mementoes of this year when they grow older.

The boys have expressed their thanks in many ways to the committee, which consisted of Tom Burgin, Bob Davis, Dr. Stoddard, and Mr. Neal. The many con-

tributors to the fund for the banquet have also been shown our appreciation.

DEBATING SOCIETY

On December 13th, Quincy held a dual debate with Winthrop High on the question: "Resolved, That the three per cent. immigration law be extended for a period of three years, Quincy upholding the negative at home and the affirmative at Winthrop. At Quincy, the home team, consisting of Cliff, O'Brien and Blake, won unanimously, while the home team at Winthrop won a unanimous decision over the Quincy aggregation—Solomons, Weil, and R. Cunningham. Blake was chosen best speaker at Quincy. There was a good crowd at Quincy, and the debaters are looking forward to the next contest, which will probably be some time in February.

At the meeting held November 28th, the subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That college athletics be limited to interclass contests." Archibald, Merrill, and Weil supported the affirmative, defeating Solomons, Nickerson, and R. Cunningham, with Weil best speaker.

On December 21st, the question was: "Resolved, That the Ship Subsidy Bill now before Congress be adopted." MacLennan, R. Blake, and J. Cunningham won the devision over Whittemore and MacKenzie, with Mackenzie best speaker.

The membership of the Society is nearly filled, but there is still room for a few juniors.

AROUND THE SCHOOL

Of course, we assume that the parts taken by those in the Christmas play are true representations of their daily life.

If Mr. Mitchell isn't a busy man, who is?

The Bachelors' Club has only one active member now. Question: Who is he? Bun Neal applied for membership, but was rejected on account of recent misbehaviors.

An athletic reputation is something to be proud of.

Fat Young has challenged the author of the piece about him in this section of the GOLDEN ROD to a contest in eating a loaf of French bread. Come on, now; 'fess up and lose like a man.

We have some original people around school, as "Peanuts" Maskilieson, "Huck" Listman, "Gunga-dig" Olson, and "Monkey" Mowbray bear witness.

As a speaker, Ten Guinan is a great football player.

Funny how you don't realize what fun school is until you're about to graduate.

Now, don't you wish that you'd come out for the football team after seeing those silver footballs? Be sure and try next year.

Mr. Collins' speech about the football men keeping their letters does not seem to have had much effect. Some people don't know enough to do what they're told.

The Senior Dramatics is good. Better come!

This is the last chance that we'll have to write these little paragraphs. We hope that we have not offended anyone, and we know that many have enjoyed them. "It's all in fun!"

There is nothing like a three thousand word history theme to spoil a perfectly good Christmas vacation.

"The old class leaveth, giving way to the new."

Good luck! So long!

Thalia Club
Quincy High School
Quincy, Mass.

Please let me take this opportunity to publicly thank all the members of your club who so willingly volunteered to help, by waiting on table, at the banquet tendered the victorious football team.

This is one of the best examples of true loyalty I have seen there in the High School, and hope it will tend towards establishing a school spirit that cannot be equalled by any other High School.

Thanking you again, I am

Very truly yours

THOMAS S. BURGIN

Chairman Citizens' Banquet Com.

Alumni Notes

1916

The wedding of Miss Mae Gilmartin to John Mahoney took place on Thanksgiving Day. Miss Gilmartin is a Woodward graduate, and Mr. Mahoney, besides being a graduate of this class, also graduated from Burdett's Business College.

1917

Sheldon Heap took part in the recent Radio Transatlantic Trials.

Lillian Golden is working for the American Mutual Insurance Company.

1918

Marjorie Leach graduated from Radcliffe last June, and is now taking a business course at Simmons.

Mildred Morris was married last September to Mr. A. R. Stengel, of Quincy.

1919

John Preti and Arthur Palmer will graduate from Boston University Liberal Arts this June.

Laura Bassett is the head bookkeeper for the Boston Gear Works.

Hazel Scott was recently married to Mr. Frederick A. Taylor, a violin instructor.

Roland Forsythe and Wallace Trumper are Seniors at M. I. T.

Alice Dixon is employed as a stenographer for the Murray and Tregurtha Corporation.

Miss Blanche Morris is working in the Boston City Club.

1920

Lois Kemp and Anna Olsen are juniors at B. U. Secretarial Science.

Mal Kennedy is working for the Ajax Safe Company.

The following are at Northeastern: Claude Young, Joe Messier, B. Harold Herrick, and George Perley.

Allen Cummings is a junior at M. I. T.

Anna Lyons is working in Filene's.

Marion Hall is working for a hardware concern on Lancaster Street.

Arthur Olsen has a position with the National Shawmut Bank.

1921

Floyd McDonald has entered New Hampshire State College.

Joe Eaton is a sophomore at New York City College, where Jack Beale is registered as a freshman.

George Goodhue is attending the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Anna Coughlin is working for the Old Colony Laundry.

Alice McCarron and Ruth Wilmore are librarians.

Catherine Foye is married.

Alice White is working for her brothers.

Bertha Wight is a sophomore at Radcliffe.

Beatrice Martin is employed by the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation.

Archie Blair is at the University of Vermont.

Dot Eaton is working in an office in Boston.

Willard Edwards is a freshman at M. I. T.

1922

Merrill Orswell has entered M. I. T.

Beth Sweeney and Winifred Barnes are at B. U.

Dorothy Locke is a freshman at Simmons.

Cliff Randall, Allan Millen, and Albert Keene have entered Northeastern.

Mildred O'Meara and Connie Hoey are P. G.'s.

Foster St. Clair is registered at Harvard.

Larry Guild is attending Worcester Academy.

Beatrice Hurd and Ella Olsen are working.

Mary Driscoll,
Alumni Editor.

Exchanges

With this issue of the GOLDEN ROD the February, 1923, staff ends its service. We are sure that the new staff will take up its work with great success where we leave off, and we hope that all the schools we have exchanged with will continue to send their publications.

It was with great surprise and pleasure that we received last year's annual magazine from the Ketchikan High School in Ketchikan, Alaska. It was sent to us by Miss Florence Tobin, a graduate of Quincy High in the class of 1917. Miss Tobin is in Alaska teaching the violin, and we certainly appreciate her thinking of old Quincy High.

The following magazines and papers have been received:

Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse, N.Y.
Legenda, New London, Conn.
Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.
The Reflector, Weymouth, Mass.
The Echo, Winthrop, Mass.
Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.
Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Maine.
Proviso Pageant, Maywood, Ill.
Renssalaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.
The Graphic, Amherst, Mass.
The "Q," Quincy, Illinois.
Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.
The Gleaner, Pawtucket, R. I.
The Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.
The Gazette, Lynn, Mass.
Upsala Gazette, Kenilworth, N. J.
Kayhi, Ketchikan, Alaska.
The Recorder, Winchester, Mass

OUR OPINION

The Graphic, Amherst, Mass.:

We notice that you do not comment on your exchanges. Why not try it in another issue? Your jokes are good, and were enjoyed.

Drury Academe:

As usual, your exchange column is to be envied. The whole magazine reflects the hard work put into it.

The Gleaner, Pawtucket, R. I.:

Your different departments are unique and interesting. Your business managers must be energetic, judging from the advertisements.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Student (*translating Virgil*): "Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and that's as far as I got, sir."

Teacher: "Well, I think that was quite far enough."

Were Henry Ford to be elected President, a historian could hardly be blamed for referring to this as the Tin-Elizabethan Era.

"If I lend you ten dollars, what security will you be able to give me?"

"The word of an honest man."

"All right, bring him along, and I'll see what I can do for you."

EMILY STEWART,
Exchange Editor.

JOKES

LAW IN PHYSICS

The deportment of a pupil varies as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

It is a cold-blooded teacher who gives a mark as low as zero.

Miss T—How may I get rid of this fraction?

Voice—Erase it.

Freshman—I suppose you have already noticed that there are three wires connected with a telephone? What's the third wire for?

Senior—Back talk.

Miss T—My, but you're stupid, Damon. Can't multiply 88 by 25 in your head. I'll wager that Charles can do it in less than no time.

Damon—I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply rapidly these days.

T—Where did Alexander go after reaching Babylon?

Coulson—It's doubtful. He died there.

Miss Shaw—What do you know about the age of Elizabeth?

Listman (*dreamily*)—She'll be 18 next week.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL, 1922

This season has been one of the best Quincy has ever had. Once more Quincy awoke from its long sleep, and this year arose bigger and better than ever. In the past Quincy turned out winning teams, but not since 1917 has Quincy turned out a team that could play rings around Boston Latin and Brockton.

This year about fifty men reported to Coach Mitchell, and were outfitted with good uniforms. Six of these were letter men, and around these men a strong team was built. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Webb for his kind services to our school. He proved a wonder in "gathering in the shekels." Quincy was better equipped than any South Shore team.

On September 30 the heavy Newton team was played. Playing good, clean football, and fighting hard, Newton took advantage of a couple of Quincy breaks, and left Quincy with the short end of the score.

A week later Quincy went to the Watch City and got a beating from the crack Waltham eleven. Our men did not work together. Waltham showed them how necessary and invaluable team work is.

Perhaps it was that beating that aroused Quincy. For a week the squad was drilled in the fundamentals of football, and on Columbus Day an entirely different team walked over the slow Natick eleven.

When Milton lowered her head in the dust, it became apparent that Quincy had struck its stride. Then Quincy played Boston Latin, its old rival, to a scoreless tie, and almost took its scalp. Quincy entertained Nautical Training School the following week, and once more critical observers rubbed their eyes. Then Dean 2nd came with a bunch of huskies, and went home with a bunch of cripples.

Next, Quincy played its big game with Thayer Academy. No school team could stop our boys that day. First Quincy scored, then Thayer scored, and then Captain "Ted" Guinan broke away, and with remarkable interference ran through the entire Thayer team, and brought us a badly needed touchdown. A few minutes later "Huck" Listman insured victory for Quincy, and brought joy to Quincy fans.

Brockton was Quincy's last game, and our boys showed their mettle when they outplayed the Shoe City lads. One may well be proud of our team.

Of course, there were stars on the Quincy eleven. Everyone was good. Even stellar players with reputations were pressed closely by hopeful subs. No one was sure of his position. Captain Guinan and Captain-elect Listman were mentioned on several interscholastic teams. MacLoud, Dingwell, Reed, Cole, and Bassett played a whale of a game, and brought new honor to Quincy High.

This year fourteen letter men, namely, Captain Guinan, Olson, Reed, Johnson, Berman, Heap, Widlund, DeBoer, Shenkleberger, MacLoud, Neal, Bassett, Cole, and Thompson played their last game for Quincy High. Mr. Mitchell will have nine letter men to answer his call next year. These men are: Captain-elect Listman, Cook, Maskilieson, Hoey, Vallee, Dingwell, Mowbray, Jacobson, and Sjorstrom. With these men as a nucleus, a strong team should be built. Besides these men, there are others who have shown up well this year, and ought to be valuable aid to Quincy. These men are: Gately, Weil, Richmond, Kimball, Magaw, Morgan, Marr, Payson, and Cunningham. The outlook is very bright for 1923.

As a reward for its hard work, a banquet was tendered the squad. Old Quincy "grads" and prominent men addressed the boys. After the banquet was over, silver footballs were presented to

the letter men, Coach Mitchell, Mr. Webb and Mr. Nissen. The High School should be very thankful to Quincy's big business men for taking such a wholesome and hearty interest in it. The football squad cannot adequately express its appreciation to these men.

BASKETBALL, 1923

Coach Clark found plenty of eager boys answering his call. A series of class games was played off, and from these games Coach Clark had opportunity to study his men. Finally a squad was chosen. Only three letter men are available for the team. They are Maskilieson, Listman, and Jacobson. The squad is as follows:

Centers—Jacobson, Vallee, Stonberg.

Forwards—Listman, Maskilieson, Milford, Mowbray.

Backs — Thompson, Berman, Olson, Cole, Cliffe Bassett.

Practice was begun, and the squad is getting whipped into shape and can put up an argument with any school team. Everyone has heard of "Peanuts" Maskilieson and "Huck" Listman. Basketball is Jacobson's "meat." Olson, Cole, Berman, and Thompson's feats are not confined to the gridiron. The team looks like a sure winner.

HERBERT BERMAN,
Athletic Editor.

Bob—When I graduate I shall step into a position of $20,000 per.
Tom—Per what?
Bob—Perhaps.

Ted—Hey, Tommy! What time is it?
Tom—Tie score.
Ted—What?
Tom—10 to 10.

Hoey—Who is knocking?
George—'Tis I, Cephogetes, the rhapsodist of Agathon.
Hoey—Well, come in anyway.

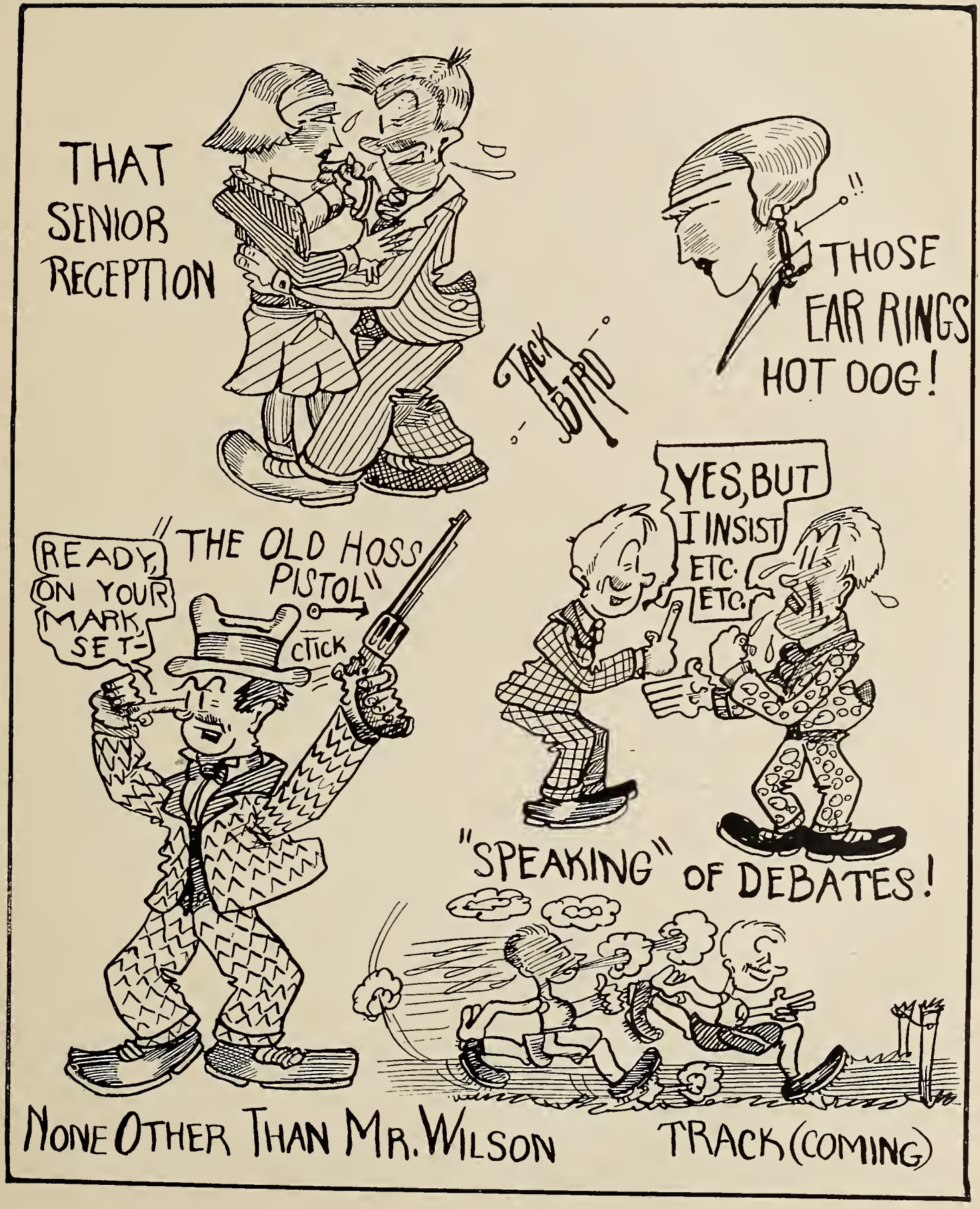
Can February March?
No, but April May.
Now, don't July, August.

Bertie Wilson (to Dick, behind soda fountain)—Are you a doctor?
Dick W.—No, I'm a fizzician.

FRESH. BIOL. TEST

A geese is a very peculiar animal. Its head is on one end and it sets on the other. It is made mostly of feathers and meat, and there are not any between to its toes. There are two kinds of geese: one has to set on eggs while the other goes out to swim and have a good time. The one that don't work is called a gander. If I was a geese I would rather be a gander.

Mother—What time is it?
Ding (creeping upstairs)—One o'clock.
Mother—The clock has just struck three.
Ding—Oh, that clock stutters.


THAT SENIOR RECEPTION
TACK BIRD
THOSE EAR RINGS HOT DOG!
READY, ON YOUR MARK, SET-
"THE OLD HOSS PISTOL"
CTICK
YES, BUT I INSIST ETC. ETC.
"SPEAKING" OF DEBATES!
NONE OTHER THAN MR. WILSON
TRACK (COMING)

Here's An Easy One

If it takes a three-months-old woodpecker with a rubber bill thirteen months and six days to bore a hole through a log that would make $100 worth of shingles at 93 cents per bundle, how long would it take a cross-eyed grasshopper with a wooden leg to pick all the seeds out of a pickle?

T—Did you call up Helen this morning?
N—Yes, but she wasn't down.
T—Why didn't you call her down?
N—She wasn't up.
T—Then call her up now, and call her down for not being down when you called up.

Clark—Foul!
Berman—Where are the feathers?
Clark—This is a picked team!

Shenk—Did you ever hear of chloroform?
Mike—Yes, of course.
Shenk—Well, don't breathe it.

Dan—Do you know Boo?
Ruth—Boo who?
Dan—Don't cry about it.

Prof.—Tell me about the Knight of the Bath.
Ray—That's the night before Sunday.

Mr. T—What is Darwin's theory?
Stude—Monkey business.

Fat—I know a good joke about crude oil.
Slim—Spill it.
Fat—It's not refined.

Mr. B—You seem to be troubled with this problem, Ted. What's a cylinder, anyway?
Ted—Er—a cylinder's a circle with six sides.

Advice to the Physics Class

If a test on Archimedes' principle is given, do not become over-confident, for upon the return of your corrected paper you may feel submerged and your spirit may become less buoyant.

Teacher—These two sheets that I am giving out are both left-hand pages.
Leavitt—'S all right. I'm a lefty anyway.

Modern Latin

"Prima Luce—Top o' the morn!"

Belding—I see you are smiling at my jokes
Subscrib—Yes, I always smile at my old friends.

Russell—I just got a zero for laughing.
Fall—That's nothing.
Russell (*angrily*)—What's nothing?
Fall—Zero.

Fresh (*translating*)—Boni leges Cæsaris: Bony legs of Cæsar.

J. J.—Who was Cyclops, by the way?
Berman—Cyclops was the man who wrote the 'Cyclopedia!

Miss Freeman—Harold! You don't know that Roosevelt is dead?
Harold—No, I didn't even know he was sick.

"Sambo," said the teacher, "can you give a sentence containing the words defeat and debasement?"
Sambo—De feet slipped on de steps and de boy fell into de basement.

Little bits of zeroes,
Little bits of fun,
Make our lives unhappy,
When the term is done.

What He Was Hired For

"Circumstances alter cases," said the lawyer, gravely.
"Yep," agreed the client. "But in my case it is the circumstances that I'm hiring you to alter."

He—How long can a person live without brains?
She—Well, I don't know exactly. About how old are you, anyway?

Prospective Customer (*timidly*)—How much is chestnut coal?
"That depends," said the salesman. "A la carte, eight dollars; cul-de-sac, it'll cost you fifty cents extra."

Mr. Hart—I found that "Not to be used in case of fire" placard that the boys stole.
Mr. Collins—Where was it?
Mr. Hart—Over the coal-bin.

It's Only Logical

If twenty men reaped a field in eight hours, how long will it take fifteen men to reap the same field?

Damon's answer: The field having already been reaped by the twenty men, it could not be reaped by the fifteen.

Soph—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Freshie—What for?

Soph—Because people will think you're a fool if you go around with them shut.

He's Progressing
I'm Forgetting
He's Regretting
And I'm Getting
My lessons and I'm Fretting.

Slight Misunderstanding

Fresh (proud of his success in Latin)—Pop, what's the word for "people" in Latin?

Father—I don't know.

Fresh—Pop-u-li.

Father—What! you young scoundrel, I lie, do I?

Miss G.—I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long.

Parker—Yield not to temptation.

If you hear something funny,
And laugh 'till you nearly die,
Please send it to the "Golden Rod"
Don't let a joke pass by.

New System for Freshmen

If, after your paper comes back with an F on it, you feel discouraged, cheer up! In order that all students may be treated equally in this matter, the office has adopted the following system of marking:

F—Fine,	90	to	100
F—Fair,	75	to	90
F—Faulty,	60	to	75
F—Failure,	10	to	60
F—Fired,	below		10

Scene—The office.

Senior—What course are you taking, academic or business?

Fresh—The epidemic.

Adams—Did you see the fight at the lunch counter?

Cohen—No, what was it about?

Adams—The coffee soaked the doughnut.

First Spirit—Well, how do you like this place? I used to be a reporter on earth, and—

Second Spirit—Gosh! Then I've come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven.

X—Mr. Jewell says that when he was young he was the architect of his own fortune.

Y—Didn't they have any building inspectors in those days?

Tham (after the sound of a strenuous pursuit following a raid on a hen-house had died away)—Say, wasn't dat some run?

Bo—You just bet!

Tham—Did you notice the graveyard on my right?

Bo—Graveyard! Why, man, them was milestones!

Bassett—What should I do for water on the knee?

She—Try wearing pumps.

He—How do you like my new moustache?

She—Tickled to death!

Mac—Why do girls wear hair-nets?

Leo—To keep the rats from drowning in the marcel waves.

Joe—Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?

Ruth—Yes, all of it.

A Quadruped

Anderson—My four feet equals the length of that pipe.

Burtt—You can't get something out of nothing.

Johnson—That's not so.

Burtt—And why not?

Johnson—Because Listman has brain fever.

In Quincy

"Tom, fetch me a stick of wood."

"Ah, mother," replied Tom, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should say: Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material on the threshold of this edifice one of those curtailed excrescences of defunct log."

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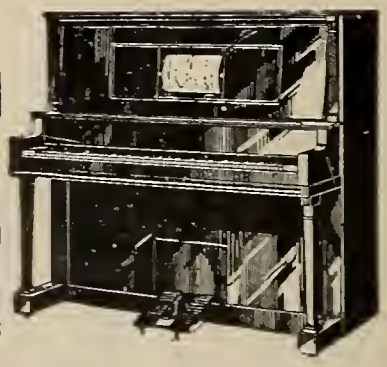

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